a. I don't know why I feel this way today - it will pass as you know. God, I know, oh, I know that as much as I know you are my true heart that He is watching and caring and we are never alone. He is always near - in whatever we do, even in physical closeness He is near for we know He meant His children to taste deeply of <u>all</u> things.

Was Pam religious? Did she <u>feel</u> God? Yes, I think so but she hadn't found her soul nor did Chris. Chris wasn't Cecil 's mate, no more than Hugh. The Chris she tho't he was, he was her true mate.

I am the Resurrection and the Life, - and if he knew that, then there would be no Panelass for him but a prayerful life - a desire to be like his always, forever beloved Cecil.

Ask me any part of the book and I will remember it. Pam's mother was English (page 49).

I have much work I ought to do but I can't today. I must wait until this mood passes and I come down to earth again. Do I love you too much? I know that now I could leave, yes, even your physical presence, and go into a convent. You are always in my mind and heart but there I wouldn't see anyone else touch you, call you "dear" rub your tired body, sew your torn trousers.

Oh, darling, I don't ever want to call you "dear" or"honey" again if anyone else can. Aren't you glad no one but you can call me dear names.

One time I told you I hated your work, I hated your parish, I guess it is because I am jealous of it because it must always come just in your life. Not because of conventions - no - but because you love it so. When the man at the gate at Manhatten Beach called you "Doctor" and I, <u>without looking at you</u> (I'm a witch) knew it thrilled you, the kind of a thrill that brings tears of joy to your eyes. Oh, I know it is because you are a true priest - born for it. And because that is your supreme joy and satisfaction I am merely your physical inspiration and you see in me what you teach, you the priest.

Darling Minn, didn't you feel me purring - blissfully contented. And close to you too. Was my goodbye to the others too hasty and should I have said more? What a truly unexpected pleasure it was, dearest, sweetest boy. Oh, how good you are. As I rode along I thot, this is where I find my greatest joy to be near my man; what care I for what other people call pleasure; to be near you, altho I didn't dare look at my noble boy's face, this is all I ask. How friendly our Easton Ave. road seems to us and dear, dearest boy everytime you take your hat off, I never fail to notice and can read your face. Monday too. And it is a new message of love everytime you do and my heart sings for joy, yes, and I could fling my arms about you and pour kisses on my babkins head and face.

Grandma is here. I must stop. Sweetheart, my true heart, I could crush you, oh, I am wild tonight, so happy I coul d dance wildly.

b. I don't want to stay for service. I have unlocked the doors as I was asked to and kept my word. But, it seems as though I am unworthy to do other tings I was asked. Of course, It has hurt me. Perhaps again I don't understand - you have had time to do them. Well, it xxxxx doesn't matter one bit what comes. I had a simple greeting but did not leave it. I cannot stay to such a service when our hearts are bitter. But since it is a duty of the church I think the truest way is to forget all about yourself and do what the church bids, forgetting everything but that you are the priest.

a.

Words - notes are useless. But I worship you, my darling. I love you, yes, more than ever I need you.

a. Dearest, how fast I can read. And remeber too. Honey mine, what a lot there is to talk about after reading the book.

Pamela is clever, the kind of woman that keeps a man guessing. She knew she loved Chris from the beginning - she saw in Cecil what Chris loved - would she really have let him touch her body or would she recoil at the last moment and be disgusted or disappointed in him. She meant to have him - fair or foul and she was too clever to let Cecil have him - for didn't she read he was a man worth having. But, not until b. Cecil made him so. He is the winner, for Cecil 's great pure love made him perfect but not for Cecil. For Pamela.

And Cecil's great - all-knowing love told her he was unworthy of her loving. Perhaps if she had never known of his trek with Pam (Although she would have found out the real Chris Sometime) she would cast everything aside and take what she <u>that</u> she was getting, a true noble Chris. But he wasn't then. Love made him what he was in the end - a true lover - but in finding himself, he lost what he prized most - Cecil's wonder love. Oh, of course he was true to Cecil, physically but <u>he was</u> tempted; and a real man never can be. How I hated him. Surely across the darkness of the night Cecil's God was guarding her - her love made her realize why she told Chris to wait. He was unworthy of such a complete l ve. He was more to her than God - the child. Humans forget sometimes God is watching and guiding. How completely she loved - but the true voice of that great love showed her the truth that Chris wasn't worthy. Her ideals she would always cherish and love the Chris she <u>that</u> he was but he dragged himself thro the mud, tempted by physical passion and so deserved to lose Cecil, altho she would love him forever. And Cecil was clever. She knew by having another child she would see her duty to Hugh and not for a weak moment be blinded into going away with Chris and so she used that way to prevent herself. Pamela got him but with his ideal love burned into his heart and soul forever. Pam is a snake. Why, dearie, you know in life if a girl wanted as she wanted Chris, she wouldn't save herself for him. They all smoke and drink tea incessantly. If I should read three pages of a book without seeing the author's name, I'd know it was Keable's. Pam thot she was clever but was she? If Chris had taken her offer, he would hate Pam in the morning. I can easily see that a man would be weak. But in life, dear, you know there are many things to reckon with. How would her father take to her living with Chris? Woul dn't she have children?

Dearie - it is late - there is so much to talk about in the book. We must take it with us when we ride and talk about it, e pecially the marked places. This man Keable certainly knows people's hearts. I love Chris and Cecil s few hours together, how he vows he will kiss her before leaving Mallory's. Oh, it is sweet darling - but nothing compared to our love. How they linger behind the others, their love vows and how they rush into each others arms.

Take the book with you - or else I will leave it in your room. I don't want to read such books again ever. Why? You know. They make me dream. Yearning for what perhaps I miss in this life. And to think now and hereafter I will never escape this longing until our souls are at last one. I hate to come back to realities--as I always have to. Ready book (oh, I love them) make me yearn and as much as I love it - why does it pain to have to come back to even taking food for nourishment. So I long for the time when I will have you forever and dreams, dreams--no yearnings.

105.2100_HallDiary-p3



"All earth's longings now fulfilled? "Yesterday I was happy, in a way. On the boat and in the water. But, on the way home I was thinking hard. Darling, it is as if we have had a glimpse of what our soul's cry out for and then be denied again. And I feel as tho' I never want to hear you say again "I love you" or caress or kiss me so hard it hurts. You haven't any right to and then wake me up. Or is it myself?

When anyone else calls you endearing names and you say "dear", it is far more merciful of you to stab me. How can I even call you darling as I have this morning.

Oh, I ought not make it harder for you -- but that is what you do to me and I am not repaying just stating what is the truest fact. You say we are favored by having such a great love. But always - it is so and will ever be - we must always take the bitter with the sweet. And I hope I don't see you today.

What is the use when you always leave me. Oh, my darling babykins - what a muddle we are in. But I will be content. I WILL .

Dearest, darling boy, I love you most when you love me as you do today, - not so much physically but prayerfully - exalted and you see darling, the physical fits in and doesn't dominate it was there just the same - not to be denied - never. Dearest, believe me won't you. Never will I say you want my body rather than me - what I really y am. I know that if you love me you will long and ache for my body. Have I ever tempted you dear? Have I ever made you want me? I never want to.

Dearest, there isn't a man who can even make me smile. As you said today, our hearts are true as steel. I'm not pretty, I know there are girls with shapely bodies but I'm not caring what they have. I have the greatest of all blessings - a noble man's deep true, eternal love and my heart is his - my life is his - all I have is his - poor as my body is - scrawny my skin may be - but I am his forever. Honey, I feel awfully lonesome for you tonight. I want to talk to you. I feel so full of thoughts. Why, do I cry so - oh it pains me to cry. I will hate the winter nights. Then I dream of curling up in a chair with you - oh, what dreams I have. Will it ever be? God knows best, dear. It is eleven and I must get some rest as I expect to be up early about six - to pack lunch.

a. Dearest, dearest, boy. Wasn't I happy to find a sweet note, for I didn't expect you would risk leaving one for me yesterday. Such delicious eclairs.

And the books is more interesting than you that it would be. After I read it, we will talk about it.

My darling how well you seem today. I must have caught cold but I don't know when and I am tired today - want to lie with you and rest for hours!.

And Honey, you put the dear pictures in my hymnal. Oh, you sweet, adorable babykins of mine. Minnie used my hymnal for the organ and I wonder if she saw them, altho I don't care one bit. She provokes me so at times and tonight if her flowers are still there, I'll put them in the kitchen. Not that I am jealous of Minnie, why darling,

105.2100_HallDiary-P4



there isn't anything to be jealous of. But I hate her to do for you what I thot of first. She couldn't swear I put flowers on your desk - she surmises it was I. Oh, well, poor Minnie. She is easily contented with crumbs, isn't she dear.

How are you today darling? You seemed rested and happy. We didn't have a minute alone but it will appear so at times.

Dearest I am not dreaming today. As I look out of the window it forms no thots in my mind just a drifting on, staring at nothing in particular and I always do that when I am tired. The note I left yesterday was crumpled but I had to hid it in my small orgnge purse as I met him. And please excuse hastiness in writing sometimes as I cannot be alone always. How glad I am school resumes sessions tomorrow and I can be alone to write. I could never belong to a club or go where there is incessant laughter and conversation. I need my dream times, my hours alone and other people irritate and disturb me.

There isn't much of interest in the paper today. One line in an article says "all life is a hunger" and how true that is. A hunger for what will satisfy but what a variety of tastes in people. And becuase you and I hunger for the same things is the reason for our longing to be together as much as possible. My love is deep, calm, quiet today. I am in a mood to listen to music.

Yesterday I was talking to Mrs. Burns. Couldn't pass and not listen as she was ready for conversation. She was saying someone next to Hopkin's was married yesterday and they were queer people. Told Mrs. Hopkins they live in a different world than some people. Mrs. Burns is too ignorant to understand that of course and my, I wish you heard waht disrespectful language Mrs. B. used. But I let her rave. I hate to talk to the Burns and never do if I can avoid it but at times I must be polite even if it is to listen to her ignorance. And honey mine - isn't it true. I live in a different world. Today I am not wide-awake. I am not sad - but quiet. Yesterday I was rollicking - oh, I love those moods, they mean intense life-fire.

Of course dear, the people who live next to Hopkins really menat that they have different aims, conversation, <u>educations,</u> intellect than some people but Burns can't understand that. What are the Burns? Ignorance that screeches, the very air is tainted with their warped minds.

Oh darling, if I had an income of my own, I would be very selfish I guess. I'd build a waiting love nest where I could dream unmolested and not care if I ever saw people to talk to. Books and music, pictures, oh, what treasures I would have. The birds, butterflies, wild squirrels and all I could see in the woods and fields and sky is my dream. People would mean nothing. I'd rather watch the bugs and ants as they crawl along - don't you love to watch an ant as it creeps along. Honey there isn't a house large enough for me. My dreams are as big as the earth. I need the great out-doors to breathe-live in. Nature, as God created it is what I feel a part of and I am part of it - it calls me just as I yearn for the truest things. And darling sweetheart - that is why I long for our love to be the truest - ideal - as pure as we can make it - for then it is truest to nature and things of God's creating.

But this love nest, you know, dearie is dreadfully lonesome with just me there. Did He say we needed jewels, did He say we needed anything, except a mate. After that He knew we would find other tings that He created for our comfort and pleasure. What a joy to read the Bible, how it tells of God creating all these wonders for us. Darling, I could rave for hours - but I must stop as there are peepers around. I only know this dear.

105.2100_HallDiary-P5



That as God the Creator is real, true, nature is real - true, so our love is the most vital power the truest joy that can be known in this life and hereafter. Please don't laugh at this. I know I'm a crazy cat, but I can't be different.

Charlotte talks - then Don asks questions, then he annoys, so how can I write.

b. Dearest, dearest boy of mine, good morning.

What joy and peace is ours today. And strength. How gracious God is to privilege us to know this most joyous greatest blessing.

Precious true heart, I will write this afternoon when I will have more time.

I am on my knees, darling, looking up at my noble man, worshipping, adoring.

Wonder of wonders - that I love you even more than yesterday - more fragrant, this love of ours.

a. Six o'clock.

Oh, darling, darling mine, what painful hours today. When I got back from church, in addition to my pain I was so troubled about you. As I told you I didn't speak a word to anyone, got undressed and sat in a rocker, not peace anywhere. I guess I was weak from the pain and no sleep last night. Son I became drowsy and laid down and slept for an hour. When I awoke it was tortorous dear, I cannot tell you how it has pained. I was alone then and had no one to telephone to you. Oh, dear, I knew you would be anxious and disappointed but darling I walked the floor until 4.30. Haven't read te paper, haven't eaten anything. I said, Oh, he will know I am suffering and cannot come up. When I came back from Miss Opies, I was sicker than before as you were disappointed. I can hardly cry. Although now the pain isn't as continuous as it was, it ceases for about ten minutes.

I wish someone would be merciful to me and give me something to put me to sleep, to forget. Forget you were disappointed - how you felt this morning and get some relief from this constant pain. I never felt so miserable as I do now. You asked me did I want you to come. Honey mine, I was needing you as only you know - but he was here and so I said not to come. Tomorrow I believe I'll walk miles and be alone. Darling can I bear it. My ear aches too. The pain goes to the top of my head. Worse than before for I am sick over the disappointment of not seeing you. It pains so at times I stumble in walking around here and almost fell. Why it doesn"t turn your mind I don't know altho trul y dear, it isn't as painful as it was.

I want you - your arms to hold me and fold me close, if only to forget this pain for a moment. Nothing will cure me now but that. I was tempted to drink enough to put me to sl eep but I am strong enough to realize it would do uncureable harm to the kidney.

Dearest, give me some word of comfort. Tell me you know I was wild to come to you this afternoon but I couldn't. It will take hours for the pain of disap ointment to leave me. My darling, who cares every moment and suffers with me. Just to look at you tonight will be a relief and joy. I don't care how much it pains, I will bear it and come to meet you.

105.2100_HallDiary_p6



My dear dear boy. When I said I would leave a note, I forget that it may not be wise but I may take a chance for I cannot have you disappointed even tho' it isn't much.

Dearie, what a gay, happy girl I am today - and yesterday too. I love your dear note of last night and went to sleep happy after reading it. Of all people that I know, no one understands me but you, but of course I have never shown my real self to others. One never can except to the person they truly love.

b. How impatient I am and will be. I want to look up into your dear face for hours as you touch my body close. Honey do you supp ose we could start early in the morning and not return until the following night late - say ten or eleven. Darling, do you yearn for it as I do? When will it be dear, the last of this month?

I guess I'd better not leave this but give it to you tomorrow. I am looking over toward the trees by the Elms and dreaming. Darling my life is nothing except I have all your love. Dear, that is why I never get discouraged or discontented if I am not blest with materialthings. I have the greatest gift and blessing and I don't need anything else. I am holding my sweet babykins face in my hands and I ooking deep into his heart and read there the message that makes me live, gives me strength and life. Oh, honey I am fiery today. Burning, flaming love. It seems ages since I say my babykins body and kissed every bit of you.

It is 8.30 and he hasn't returned. I may wait until he comes b ck and then I can be sure you will get this.

Goodnight my true heart. I never buy such goodies as you do for me - but if we go on a picnic I will make whatever you like to eat, so tell me what to make.